
Title: The Birth of Sal Veya

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My life story:

I am a not a member of
the undead, and hope
to never be. I control
the undead. I bind
them to my will. They
serve me, and when I
am done with them I
toss them away like
garbage. There are
some undead though
that deserve my
respecet. That is an
issue for another day.

I was born Sal Veya,
so of two powerful
Archmages. My
mother and father Sal
La Laren, and Casia
Veya were in love
with eachother almost
as much as they were
in love with there
work, and not near as
much as they loved
their son, me. From
the day I was born I
was bombarded with
magic. Me, being a
quite child, would sit
in the study
surrounded by ancient
tombes, learning. It
was no surprise to
anyone that my
powers soon started to
blossom. My parents
were surprised
however when they
discovered that my
powers leaned more
towards destruction
than they did creation.
They were utterly
devistated when they
found the neighbors
cat dead of severe

electric shock. They knew right away what happened. I was sent off to Moonglow city, to learn more of the ways of magic they said. I knew they just wanted to be rid of me.

My first year under the studies of the Archmagi were uneventful. Every night my teacher would take me into his study and teach me until dawn. Then he would go off to conduct his buisness, and I would be given my chores. Almost no time was alocated for sleep.

But I soon learned what I really should be doing. Shortly after the begining of my second year a older student showed me how I could use telekenisis to perform my chores. This cut my work load in half, giving me much more time for studies. I snuck to my master's library, and unlocked the door with a simple spell. He was a very trusting man. I snuck to the back of his library, where there was a gigantic steel door.

The door was much harder to get threw. It took me a lot of time to unlock the door, and then the traps almost killed me, but I made it through, weakened. What I discovered changed me for the rest of my life. It was my masters collection of

forbidden books. Books
on necromancy, and
battle magic. My eyes
gleamed with
pleasure. I studied
from then on every
waking moment I had.
I even collapsed during
my regular studies
more than once. But
I never stopped.
When I had graduated
from their study I
returned home, with a
knowledge of dark
magic that would
surpass many other
powerful archmagi.
I did not last long in
my parents home. I
left ten days later,
and started seeking a
library of darkness
where I could study. I
eventually found one,
and learned much
more of dark magic.
This is how my life
as a dark mage
started.